

had made our marriage conditional upon our inheriting the legacy, what would—what would Lucy have done?

She answered that very question.

"Aren't you glad, Arthur, that it wasn't the other way round?" she asked. "Suppose he had insisted upon our being married—why, that would have been dreadful, wouldn't it?"

"Horrible!" I agreed.

"And poor Mr. Richardson would have been just crazy," said Lucy. "Not that that would have made any difference, though. I mean so far as we are concerned."

Mr. Richardson! Why, he had been hanging around Lucy for five years at least. Then she must have been secretly engaged to him! Her furtiveness in not telling me aroused the bitterest anger in me. I am afraid that we did not part good friends.

It must have been three months later, about the time when I received the first quarterly installment, that I read the account of Mr. Richardson's marriage to Miss Bunting. Oddly enough, I experienced a sudden lightening of my emotions, as though I had been relieved of some dreadful burden. And then I understood. Although I had not been aware of it I had actually been jealous of Mr. Richardson! Yet Lucy and I were utterly incompatible in temperament, as we had agreed a thousand times.

We ran across each other at Atlantic City that summer and stopped to chat.

"Dear old Uncle Jabez!" said Lucy ecstatically. "Do you know, Arthur—I don't mind confessing it to you now—at one time I positively had a sort of tender feeling toward you. That was a long time ago, of course, or else I wouldn't have told you. I have detected it. Wasn't it providential, that clause in his will?"

"Yes," I said, and I was thinking all the time that Lucy's eyes were bluer than any eyes I had ever seen. And her hair was positively coppery in the sunlight. I really could have

fallen in love with Lucy, if she had given me the least encouragement!

"When did this feeling possess you?" I asked her.

"Oh, ages ago," she said evasively. "Long, long before dear Uncle Jabez died. I wouldn't have told you, only—well, I may be engaged shortly."

"Who is he?" I yelled, starting out of my chair.

"You are very impertinent," she answered, and walked away with her head in the air, looking like a Titian angel.

I don't know why it was, but I felt utterly crushed. And presently I began to realize what was the matter with me. I was in love—and with Lucy! Yes, positively my heart was beating like a boy's when he first experiences the divine passion. She meant everything in the world to me!

I couldn't wait; I hurried after her. I found her entering her hotel upon the arm of a smart, dark-haired fellow in that sort of suit that is advertised as "a forty-dollar suit for nineteen fifty." She bowed to me and walked into the hotel. With that man! A girl of Lucy's taste! It sickened me. At least I hoped that she would have shown a little discrimination in her choice of a mate instead of selecting or being selected by a tailor's dummy! I wrote her a letter asking for an appointment next afternoon at three o'clock.

I spent a night of torture. I passed the morning walking up and down the board walk. At three o'clock I was at her hotel. Her maid handed me a letter. I opened it.

"I am sorry, Arthur, but I have an engagement with Mr. Clements this afternoon," I read. "Perhaps some other time will do? I am leaving this evening for—"

I dashed the letter upon the floor and strode out of the room. I had reached the front door of the suite when I heard a voice calling me. I looked back. There stood Lucy at the door, dressed all in white and looking like a saint.